THE

Experienced Christian's Magazine.

For AUGUST, 1805.

PORTRAIT *of the* Rev. SAMUEL BUEL, D. D.

Late of East-Hampton, Long-Island.

SAMUEL BUEL was a native of Connecticut, and became a subject of grace and mercy in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-five, through the instrumentality of that eminent servant of God George Whitefield. It pleased God clearly and powerfully to give him a heart affecting conviction of sin, guilt and misery, and to give him a sight of his justice in his eternal condemnation. After a powerful work of the law, he summitted himself to the Lord as his rightful sovereign, with prayer and tears of penitential sorrow, looking unto Jesus whom he had pierced by his transgressions. It pleased divine goodness to shine into his heart, to give him the knowledge of salvation by the remission of his sins: and the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Then he beheld the infinite ameniel glory and all-sufficiency of Christ, as God man Mediator. He found his heart to go forth to him in acts of adoration and supreme love: He found his whole heart gained over to Christ, and from that hour was possessed of a new temper of heart and tenor of life. At that time reigning benevolence towards his fellow men took possession of his heart, and was kept up till more than sixty years had rolled round. In consequence of these divine manifestations, he was before the throne of grace daily, praying for the knowledge of duty. He obtained satisfaction in this point.

In the 20th year of his age he fixedly entered upon studies that prepared his way for taking his first degree in Yale College in 1741. In a few weeks after, he was invited and urged by some worthy ministers of the gospel, to offer himself for the ministry: He did, and was approved, and licensed as a candidate. In this state of trial he was very successful in his labours.

From the first he became an itinerant preacher, making his tour in various parts of the northern states, preaching almost every day, and often two or three times a day, and frequently to very large congregations. He journeyed about two thousand miles, and preached several hundred times in a year, to many congregations where the work of God made great and glorious progress. In some places he saw much opposition made to the work of God. Many congregations he found under awful security, some of which were soon awakened by his preaching, which was attended with the effusion of the spirit, so that in a few weeks many were converted to God through his instrumentality. Amidst his labours to win souls to Christ, he had the pleasure to see the work of God go on and prosper gloriously.

He continued an itinerant preacher four years, in which time he experienced two severe turns of a fever, so that his life was given over by himself and his friends; but it pleased the Lord of life to spare him for further usefulness.

During the time of his itnierating he had frequent calls to settlein congregations. In September, 1745, he was solicted to take a tour to the south, but was detered from it by some means, and he was desired to visit East-Hampton: He did; and on the 9th day of November, 1745, preached his first sermon in East-Hampton, from "I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." He abode there all that winter, and at the desire of the people, he settled among them. About that time there was a powerful work of God at East-Hampton; there were more than one hundred souls brought to the knowledge of God through Christ.

In the year 1749 the work again revived under him. In the year 1764 the work of God was almost general and universal. Persons from five or six years to eighty were the subjects of grace through his instrumentality. (see

his narrative.) After this work, ninety-nine persons came forward and joined, and soon after a large number more. There were a great many children and diffident persons who were experienced, but did not then join the church, although they could not say but that they had experienced a change of heart, and felt the power of the world to come.

In the year 1785 it pleased heaven to let another shower fall on that part of Christ's vineyard. At that time the work was carried on with amazing power. As many as six or eight every week, for the space of three months, were converted; and in a few months, above one hundred more were added to the church.

In the year 1791, the work of God broke out under him again, which we may recognize with pleasure as one of the years of the right hand of the most high. This year was a time of awakening to many sinners; but more particularly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and of anointing among his people, of which Mr. Buel had his plentiful part, as a preparation for his discharge from earth. He took care of the flock of Christ at East-Hampton for the space of fifty years: Had six revivals of true religion in his church.

He was a man of great phylantrophy and generosity: He received all Christ's ministers with open heart and hands—was freed from bigotry—friendly to all, and afraid of none, for his bow abode in strength. He preached in his time at East-Hampton above ten thousand times, and his sermon called half century sermon, because he had preached fifty years in that place, was as much approved as his first. He buried nine hundred persons—baptized sixteen hundred children, and instructed and helped several young men in the study of theology.

Thus this excellent son of America spent his long life; and though he lived not so long as Enoch, he walked with God above sixty years, and testified all his life, and in his death, that the yoke of Christ is easy, and his burthen light; and having finished his course with joy, he fell asleep in Jesus in the 83d year of his age. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

He always expressed a great aversion to a carnal unexperienced ministry, and in his half century sermon, declared he was not so afraid of death, as he was of leaving his flock to an unconverted ministry. He told them that if God should take a man from the sheepfold, or from the fishing net, or any place, even in the low walks of life, it would be well; but without his call, whatever other qualification the man might have, he would only scatter the flock of Christ, being but a wolf in a shepherd's garb. O that such a knowledge, and such a spirit was in all bishops, presbyters, associations, conventions, and synods on this continent, then would the minister of the gospel be like this dear saint of God, polished shafts in Christ's mighty quiver!

ON THE SOUL OF MAN.

[Continued from page 72.]

LET us consider the vast price which God the Holy Ghost hath set upon the souls of men; for it is for their sakes he doth so industriously operate on the mind of man, and take so much care of the church of Christ as he doth and hath done ever since its first establishment in the world, carrying on that blessed design of our Father and God, even the salvation of precious souls, watering the garden of the Lord. It is for the sake of souls that he made so many revelations of the will of God to the world, and confirmed them by so many miracles, that so *he* might extricate those precious beings out of the labyrinths of error in which they had involved and cast themselves, and direct them in the way of true happiness. It is for their good that *he* still continues to shed forth his heavenly influences upon them, that he still inspires them with so many good thoughts importunes them with such urgent motives, presses them with such earnest strugglings and vigorous efforts, not only of his preventing grace, but of his surprising mercy awakening them to a sense of their danger; exciting and quickening them to pursue the methods

which tend to their own safety and happiness. So infinitely careful is this blessed spirit, lest the souls of man fail of eternal blessedness.

Though some might think the soul sufficiently guarded in their body through the dangerous sea of this world, under the convoy of their own reason, yet the Holy Spirit will not trust them to themselves, but will be with them himself, and keep a watchful eye over them, and when any rock is nigh, he warns them of it, and when beset with evil spirits, those pirates that lie in wait to captivate and inslave them, he soon comes to their assistance; and unless they have a mind to give themselves up, he will always bring them off victorious. Nay, though some yield to those pirative spirits, and join forces with them to resist and beat off their merciful protector and deliverer, yet he doth not soon abandon and forsake them; but infinitely concerned for their rescue, follows them even to the mouth of the enemies harbour, with his blessed motions and importunities, and never gives over the pursuit of them until he hath actually recovered them, or left them past all hope of redemption. And when he sees them utterly lost by their own madness and folly, and that it is in vain to follow them any further, he casts a sorrowful look upon them, and, like a grieved friend, after the utmost struggles and extreme efforts of his affronted goodness, unwillingly leaves them to their own sad fate, and gives them up as it were with tears in his eyes. And can you think this blessed spirit of wisdom and grace, would be so industrious as he is in the ministry for souls, that he would take such pains to save them, be so vigilent and solicitous for their welfare, if he did not know them to be a sort of beings of an inestimable worth and value? O blessed Lord! what are our souls not worth when worth so much care and compassion of thy blessed spirit, as it hath discovered and still doth discover to save them and make them happy?

Doubtless those beings must be exceedingly precious, for whose safety and welfare all the blessed Trinity are so unspeakably concerned.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LETTER

From the Rev. THOMAS F. SARGENT to the EDITOR.

My Dear Friend,

I HAVE been led from reading your magazine, to inquire why it is that christians of different denominations are so disunited. Some have pretended to find the cause in the will of God, and an over-ruling Providence; and have argued, that, as different denomiations now stand, that is, at a distance from each other, they perform the part of censors, and watch over each other with a kind of jealousy which serves to animate zeal, and leads to a closer investigation of doctrine, and prevents that lukewarmness and corruption of principle which would otherwise take place. But do we not see in general, that, if these shades of difference should even produce closer investigation of principle, it is for no other purpose than the confutation of each other; and should they be animated to more zeal, that zeal is directed more against each other, than used to the glory of God? It is true, the Almighty may over-rule this evil, so that good may result from it; but that does not prove the thing in itself to be according to his will. For my part, I cannot see why union and fellowship, among christians of different denominations, should not in fact produce infinitely more zeal, and add greatly to our stock of religious knowledge, and no doubt both would be better, being produced by a better cause. Of one thing I am certain, and that is, that it would remove one of the greatest objections infidels have against us; and then would be exemplified our Lord's words—"By this shall all men know, that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." The cause of the disunion among christians, cannot be the doctrines of Jesus Christ, nor his example; for both have a tendency of uniting them together; for his doctrine is that of love, and his example that of condescension and conciliation. It cannot be from any thing in the experience of religion; for all that have felt it, bear witness that it is one and the same thing.

Where then shall we find the cause? I think the cause must be sought for in the different principles, modes and prejudices that have obtained in the christian world, all of

which may be considered as non-essential to salvation. Some principles indeed we should abhor and stand at the utmost distance from. Can we, for instance, unite with a people who deny the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, &c ? Surely not ! We should all say, "My soul be not thou united to their assemblies." We cannot expect in the present lapsed, and bewildered condition of mankind, that they should all have similar views of the same subject, though all profess to derive their knowledge from the same scriptures of truth. As soon might we expect to see all mankind of the same size, features and complexion. But how desirable would it be to see all our little distinctions and shapes of difference covered with the mantle of love ; and see all unite in the general cause of piety and the experience of religion.

But now let us notice the reasons of disunion, coldness, distance, and animosity among christians of different denominations. Sometimes it has been the terms consubstanciation and symbols, when applied to the sacrament of the Lord's supper. It is then the great question of uninterrupted succession ; and one party reflects on the other, and says, " Yes, uninterrupted indeed, down through all the abominations of the church of Rome, and in its passage, through the hands of a woman." "But," says another, "yours cannot be good, it only commenced thirty, sixty, or an hundred years ago." And pray why are not both good ? Are not both intended for order sake? And do not both preserve it, and prevent encroachments and imposition from intruding ? I conceive the most important thing in the ministry is to be called and qualified of God. If that is not the case, all the qualifications, consecrations, and ordinations, of men will be of no avail. Again—it may be the long disputed points of election and reprobation ; while both parties, if under the influence of grace, will acknowledge each other may be in the love and fear of God, and thus at once give up that these questions are not essential to salvation. And what is still more lamentable, we see this disunion cherished by modes of expression and worship. Thus says one it ought to be " Thee and thou, first day, and first month." " Nay," says the other, " you, Sunday, and January is much better." Tis then insisted the best way to worship God is to sit when we

sing, and stand when we pray; while others consider the preferable way is to stand when we sing, and kneel when we pray. In fact, so to speak, we are contending about nothing, for it is the color or form of action, the form or dimensions of the act. The length or shortness of the hair, whether we shall sing Wesley's or Watt's Hymns, or the Psalms of David. Whether we shall be plunged under the water, or the water poured or sprinkled on us. Though all must acknowledge that water is but water to make the best of it, or apply it to the body as you may.

But how shall this great and desirable object of general union and harmony among christians be obtained. I cannot see but one way in which it can be effected, and that is, for all who profess religion, to experience and feel it in their hearts in deed and in truth. I do not mean that religion which consists in name or forms, but in the love of God filling the heart and influencing all our actions and conduct. Surely nothing could then prevent it. This love would be like the ocean which swallows up and receives every stream into its vast bosom; or would be as the action of fire on different pieces of metal, which melts them all down, and while it forms them into one mass, purges away the dross. It is this love that covers a multitude of sins; and it would be strange indeed if it would not cover and forever bury the little differences among different denominations: 'tis this that makes us resemble God, in feeling affection for, and doing good to all. This love would cause each to say to the other, "Let us eternally forget the things in which we disagree, and only remember those in which we agree, until we agree, if possible, in every thing. I think the day is fast approaching when Jesus will make us all one.

Of late we have seen what once we hardly dared to expect in our day. We have seen prejudice and bigotry so far done away, as that different denominations have come to the same table, and have mixed their friendly souls together, and been happy in partaking of bread and wine, though it may have been under the branches of a spreading oak, and there have proved that God is not confined to temples built with hands. Yes, the day hastens on, when the ministers of the Lord shall see eye to eye, and shall lift up their voices together, as on the mountains, and say—

"Let the ransomed of the Lord flow together to feel and behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Yes, and then the children of God shall follow their leaders, and be a mighty host united against the works of darkness as terrible indeed, as an army with banners. Let us, my brother, use our feeble efforts to promote it; and oh! that God may hasten it in his time. Amen and Amen.

I remain,

Yours affectionately,

THOMAS F. SARGENT.

THE EXERIENCED CHRISTIAN's LOVE TO CHRIST.

[*Concluded from page* 89.]

THE subject matter of Love to Christ, can never be exhausted! Like a load-stone attracting steel, so it draws the experienced soul to Christ; and almost draweth it out of the body, so as to long to be gone, in order to be with him whose name is as an ointment poured forth. When we read or hear the history of love, doth not the throbbing heart almost stop to vent itself? and doth not the grateful mind seek, like Joseph, a place to weep, and give full vent to love's impression? Go on then, for the field of love is large, it will yield fresh content forever, and be the experienced christian's glorious work to behold and love.

He need not want matter for present meditation. Hast thou forgotten the times, the many, the very many times, when Christ found thee in secret all in tears: when he heard thy sighs, thy groans, and did come and mightily comfort thee? When he came upon thee, and took thee up in his arms as it were, and said, "Poor soul, what aileth thee? Dost thou weep after I have wept for thee? Be of good comfort, thy wounds shall be healed; they are not deadly: it is the sorrow of love that has made that

wound, and love thinketh no evil. O experienced christian! thou rememberest still his voice, and feelest again those embracing arms that took thee up! How gently did he handle thee! How careful did he dress thy wounds and bind them up. Dost thou not still remember how the voice of love sounded in thy ear, when he found thee in a state of sin and sorrow, and helpless? "Sinner! thou hast been unkind to me, and cast me off from time to time, but I will not do so to thee: All my mercies are thine. What wouldst thou have that I can give thee? Wouldst thou have me? behold I am thine; thy friend, thy Lord, thy brother, thy head. Wouldst thou have the Father that in ages to come he might shew thee the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness towards thee in Christ Jesus?

I will bring thee to him, and thou shalt have him in me. These, O these were the blessed words which his spirit from the gospel applied to me, which made me cast myself at his feet, yea into his arms, and cry my Saviour and my God, now oh holy soul! rouse up; canst thy heart be cold when it thinks of this? What! art thou not yet transported and ravished with love? Is it possible that thy heart should be cold, when it meditates these boundless mercies, if these will not relish, what will? Come study, study yet more of Christ's excellencies; study yet more of Christ's mercies: how often hath Christ met thee in public, and private; in the congregation and in the house; in the chamber, and in the field; in lonely nights, and in thy deepest danger. Study yet all his society and near relation to thee, and study whither he is gone, and how thou shalt follow him, and what shall be the happiness of thy perpetual abode with him hereafter in those blissful mansions which he hath gone to prepare for thee.

And yet we are constrained to say, O that I could love the Lord Jesus! O that he had my whole heart! O that I could now bid adieu to all other lovers! O that the Father of love, and the Spirit of love, would strike one spark of love from the promise, to kindle it in the heart of this poor unloving creature! O that I felt a delatation of my desires after Christ! That God would stretch them, and widen them to the utmost, that I might love Christ with all my heart, soul and might! O that I were cast into the

melting pangs of a divine love! O that I could feelingly say I love thee even as I feel that I love myself! O my soul! consider the want of Christ, and the worth of Christ. Consider the benefit of Christ's death, the sweetness of his promises, and the pleasantnes of his commands, the preciousness of his graces and himself. "God who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quicked us together with Christ, and made us sit together in heavenly places with Christ."

When we consider these things, we can but cry out with the ardency of affection with strength, "To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests, unto our God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

And now, O experienced soul, return into thy rest, for the Lord hath been beneficial to thee: the reason of thy love, is Christ's love; thou lovest him because he first loved thee. The Lord Christ hath discovered his will to take thee for his choice! He that is holy to be thy bridegroom, to sup with thee, and has proposed that thou shouldst sup with him. How shouldst thy tongue sing praises to him, and not be silent? How canst thou but wonder that thou so slightly thought of Christ before? Henceforward let us cling to the Saviour; he is our friend, our Saviour, our all; without him, even Paradise to us would be an empty doleful place; we should be strangers if we were admitted there and found not Christ. All the access the experienced soul has ever found to the throne of grace, was only had through him—all the claim we have upon heaven is through him—all the means whereby we may escape hell is through him. Every deliverance we ever experienced from danger, or shall ever experience, is through him;

"He is the first and the last,
"His spirit shall guide us safe home:
"Then praise him for all that is past,
"And trust him for all that's to come."

A LETTER

Written by ELIZA BARKER, who died in England in the year 1802, to her Brother, to be delivered to him after her death.

My ever dear Brother,

THIS is the last letter that you will ever receive from me. When you are reading this, my spirit will have taken its flight. I shall have heard the final sentence past, which can never be revoked. How great, how amazing the change! And the scenes how new! I trust I shall be shouting victory—yes, my dear brother, I hope to stand before God, clothed in the spotless robe of a Redeemer's righteousness. I would not for ten thousand worlds be found depending on any thing but the Redeemer's merit, for acceptance with God; for he has made us "accepted only in the beloved." May we not feelingly say

"Hail to the condescending grace,
"Which shows a Saviour's righteousness;
"His blood an overflowing sea,
"Wash all our deepest stains away."

Be sure, my dear brother, that you place your confidence there. May you always feel the need of the blood of sprinkling, and feel how entirely you are dependant on him for acceptance. "He is the way and the truth, and no man can come to the Father but by him." In vain we strive to enter any other way. "Rejoice that in the Lord we have righteousness and strength." I leave you in a world of snares; but God will, I trust, "keep you by his mighty power, through faith unto salvation, and deliver you from every evil work, and preserve you safe to his heavenly kingdom." Keep close to him in the path of duty, and you need not fear: be very watchful over your own heart: endeavour to live above the world, and ever remember that "here you have no abiding city." If separate spirits have any knowledge of what passes in this state, 'tis probable that I shall be watching with great eagerness the steps of beloved relatives and friends. How would it pain me (if I could then be sensible of pain) to see any turn aside from the path of vir-

tue. O my dear brother, if I shall have any knowledge of what is passing in these low regions when absent from the body, what delight will it afford me, to see you serving our divine Master, to see you making swift advances in the divine life, and labouring to recommend religion to all around you, by the practice, and by seasonable exhortation. O! to see you coming to the fulness of a perfect man in Christ Jesus, how will my heart rejoice. I shall wait your arrival in the happy realms with pleasure. What a delightful meeting will that be? How shall we congratulate each other, and no doubt join in the most exalted forms of worship with pleasure unknown before.

There shall we see and hear and know
All we desir'd or wish'd below,
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Go on, my dear brother, "seeking the kingdom of God, and the righteousness thereof, and all other things shall be added unto you." Seek not great things, but be contented with what Providence allots you—tis fit he should chuse for us. Leave him to manage for you, and be very careful in the choice of a partner, whenever you think of leaving the single state; tis matter of great importance; chuse precisely, act prudently; if desires are cross'd, do not complain, but endeavour to submit to every event with cheerfulness: look up to God for strength to bear trials, and earnestly plead to have them sanctified, which ought to be our concern in every trial. Seek for divine aid to do duties, for we "are not sufficient for any thing, but our sufficiency is of the Lord. Through God we shall do valiantly. O look to Jesus, who is the author and finisher of our faith." Live as one sensible of the obligations under which you are laid, to love and obedience. Tis my grief that I love and serve him no better.

When you are perusing this, I trust I shall be where I shall feel no more coldness, but serving without weariness.

"And with joy surveying the field of battle
"Where I was brought off more than conqueror,
"Having forever vanquished death and hell,
"Endless tranquillity enjoy."

Could I then address you, no doubt I should charge

you to be diligent and not faint, nor be discouraged at the roughness of the way, and bid you keep the crown in view, which will repay for every toil. Yes—yes, my brother, the reward of victory will be so great, that we ought not to faint. "Look to Him that gives power to the faint, and to such as have no might, he will increase strength." This has been fulfilled to me. Yes, my love, I can attest to the truth of the promise—not one thing has failed of all that the Lord hath spoken. He is a faithful covenant-keeping God: he is with you while you are with him, and I trust he will guide you safe through life, and conduct you to the regions of glory. There, there may we finally meet.

What though we must pass the dark valley, at which nature is ready to shrink, yet let us remember that our Redeemer lives, and because he lives, we shall live also. I expect soon to encounter with the last enemy, and I hope to meet him with that holy calmness and serenity that becomes the christian. O' that we may with holy triumph, and a look serene, and having lived to God, in him to die.

Do not regret that I am first crowned with victory—rather congratulate me, and look forward with pleasure to the happy moment when the task of life is finished, in which we trust to meet again with unknown delight.

Let the consideration of the divine goodness to me encourage your faith; you have seen his power and goodness greatly displayed in me, unworthy me: praise him, my dear brother and adore him. But I shall be telling to listning angels what he has done for my vile, my guilty soul. They will be joining with me; and do you never cease to praise him here below, when death shall close the ears, and mortal sounds be no more heard; the organs of speech fail. Then, then I trust you will join us in the most delightful work, where you will meet with no interruptions. Fight on, my dear; desert every sin. See that you

> March on in your Redeemer's strength,
> Pursue his footsteps still,
> And let the prospect cheer the sight,
> While labouring up the hill.

Keep your evidences for heaven clear, by neglecting no

duty, carefully obeying the motions of the spirit: then you may hope to see death in composure, if not with joy.

I write as if I were unwilling to drop my exhortation; but I must bid you farewell till we meet in the paradise of God. God forbid it should be a farewell forever.

E. BARKER.

THE EXPERIENCE AND DEATH OF MISS B.

Late of Jamaica, Long-Island.

SHE was afflicted with the consumption for some months before her dissolution, all which she bore with christian fortitude and patience. During her sickness she often wished and hoped she might be enabled to manifest to her parents and friends an assurance of her happiness and acceptance with God her Redeemer, if it were only by lifting up of her hands in her last moments. She often said she felt no terror in the thoughts of death, and begged her parents not to be backward in conversing with her on the subject of death, as it was by no means a disagreeable subject to her; often desiring to have the scriptures and religious books read to her, she would make many very sensible and pious remarks on many passages. Towards the latter part of her time she grew very weak, and was very much troubled with a shortness of breath, could speak but little at a time; her conversation generally tended towards the life which is to come. She requested to take the sacrament, which she did a few days before she died. Being very weak and low, and conversing on the subject of death, she said, "I should be very willing to die, if I was but prepared:" Sitting silent for some time in an easy chair, she broke silence in raptures of joy, exclaiming, with her hands and eyes lifted upwards, and heavenly smiles on her countenance, "There, there is my Redeemer, with open arms to receive me! Welcome, welcome death! To die it is a pleasure! Death has no sting for me; I would not live for a thou-

sand worlds." Rubbing her hands, gently added, "I feel no distress nor pain, I am well, nothing ails me now." She then called her parents, and grandfather to her, and said if she had offended them at any time she begged they would forgive her; then with affectionate embraces, took a cordial farewell of all present, saying she would soon leave them. She requested her brothers and sister to be called to her; she begged them to remember God, and not forget their prayers to him, and to be dutiful to their parents, which charge she repeated twice to her elder brother, and begged them not to forget the charge of a dying sister. Seeing her sister backward in obeying her mother, she said, "go Eliza, go and do what your mother bids you, you must be your mama's little woman."

Now expecting her latter end fast approaching, she requested Mr. Dunn, a neighbour, to be called. "That dear good man," she said, "I love him, and always did love him." When he came into the room she lifted up her arms to embrace him, and said, "come near, Mr. Dunn, and let me tell you what the Lord has done for my soul." He drew back, thinking she was light-headed; she said, "do not be frightened, Mr. Dunn, I have my senses as perfect as ever I had them." He enquired of her if Jesus was precious to her soul? She said, "that he is, that he is!" He then asked her if she felt any condemnation now? she said, "no, no!" with many more questions about her immortal state, all of which she answered to the great satisfaction of all her friends present: what she said was at intervals of time, when her cough, distress, and shortness of breath permitted. After many expressions of thankfulness to her parents and friends, she said, "now my work is finished; lay me on the bed, and let me die; a few more struggles and then"—Her parents wished to call a few more neighbours, and some of her young companions: she said, "do not disturb them, I shall not die now, it will not be until to-morrow:" But finding her loosing strength fast, they were sent for: as soon as they came she embraced them, and took a cordial leave of them, saying, "do my dear girls remember you are mortal and born to die; do not put your minds on the vanities of this world." After which she slumbered frequently; awaking she would say, "am

I here yet? I was in hopes I should never have awoke again: how long," &c.

From her infancy she always shewed a tender regard for her parents, but more especially in her latter moments, expressing the sincerest regard, love and affection for them. Her father asked her if she loved him? she said, "O yes, that I do, that I do;" and embraced him very loving and tenderly; and for her mother she expressed the greatest regard, love and tenderness. A few hours before she died, being in a slumber, her mother laid down behind her on the bed to rest a little; in a short time she returned to the head of the bed: she said, "O my dear mother, how I have longed to see you sit in this chair." Tenderly squeezing her hand, she begged her mother not to fret and grieve, saying, "do you grieve because you have a child going to glory? you have more children." Her mother answered, "none like you;" she said, "you do not know, they are young yet: I am going to heaven, where I shall meet my dear grandmother, and all my friends; where, with angels and arch-angels, we will sing our dear Redeemer's praise: and by and by I shall meet my dear father and mother in heaven too, where we shall altogether sing our dear Redeemer and Maker's praise." While lying on the bed she expressed a great deal of love, praise, and thankfulness to God and her Redeemer, and desired to bid all her absent friends farewell.

About two hours before she died, she requested her mother to have her shroud made, and said "let them take measure of me, I am not afraid to be measured for it." Her mother said she wished for some unbelievers to be present to see and hear of the realities, of the beauties, and religion of the blessed Jesus: she said, "I know they would say I was light-headed." She requested to have hymns sung: in the words hallelujah she strove to join in singing her Maker and Preserver's praise; but her weakness did not permit her to be heard. She gave her assent to many questions about her immortal state by motions of her head, lifting her hands and eyes to heaven. A few minutes before her soul departed the body, she said in a low voice, "there, there," pointing to the foot of the bed; being asked what was there, she said "two angels, standing ready to waft me to glory." Just before she ex-

pired she seemed to be tempted by the enemy of precious souls; she said, with a very stern countenance, "Go, go, I wont, I wont;" then turning from the object, she seemed to address, with a smiling countenance said, "I am coming, I am coming," was heard to say no more and so expired.

T. E. B.

To the EDITOR *of the* EXPERIENCED CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BY inserting the following extract from the life of that truly eminent evangelist, principally on a mission to the Indians, in which we see sentimental Christianity exemplified; you will much oblige one, and perhaps many of the friends to your Magazine.

"LORD's Day, May 10th, 1747—At Hadlime, Con. I could not but feel some measure of gratitude to God, that he had always disposed me, in my ministry, to insist on the great doctrines of *Regeneration, The New Creature, Faith in Christ, Progressive Sanctification, Supreme Love to God, Living entirely to the Glory of God, Being not our own*, and the like. God has given me to see, in the surest manner, from time to time, that these and the like doctrines, necessarily connected with them, are the *only foundation* of safety and salvation for perishing sinners; and that those divine dispositions which are consonant hereto, are *that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord*: The exercise of these godlike tempers, wherein the soul acts in a kind of concert with God, and would be and do every thing that is pleasing to God: this I saw would stand by the soul in a dying hour; for God must, I think, *deny himself*, if he cast away his own image, even the soul that is one in desires with himself."

Submitting the above to the consideration of your readers, I will reserve another extract for your next number; trusting in God that it will be acknowledged, that experimental religion, like its adorable author, is unchangeably the same in substance, equal in power and glory.

Your's, and the Friend of the *Experienced Christian*.

To the EDITOR *of the* EXPERIENCED CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE.

"*Am I not a Man and a Brother?*"

I Feel no hesitancy at confessing myself one in sentiment with you, that there are many among the different denominations, who believe in experimental religion, who are earnestly (I hope successfully) seeking a "better country." And I do feel greatly desirous that every appearance of the true spiritual birth, among all people, may meet with the fostering care of our Heavenly Father. I am also sufficiently assured that *this will be* the case, when our natural passions and affections, are not permitted to thwart the glorious, though painful process; and we are willing to wait in humility at the feet of Jesus, both for strength and understanding; for it remaineth an incontrovertable truth, "that the natural man knoweth not the things of the spirit of God—neither can he know them, because they are spiritually descerned; but the spirit searcheth all things, even the deep things of God," and is the alone principle and power by which the salvation of the souls of men is, or can be atchieved. The smallness of its appearance at first, which was the reason of the great Master's comparing it to a grain of mustard-seed, is too often a cause for its being slighted, as Christ himself also was; the proud understanding of man deeming it too weak and contemptible an agent for effectuating so great a purpose. And here too many are for pursuing *a something*, which appears to possess more energy—as being apparently more operative. They are stimulated to action by *the wind, the earthquake, or the fire*, whereby they are diverted from attending to *the still small voice*, which speaks the unflattering language of truth, and accompanies its dictates with power to obey.

If I conceive aright, the great difference which subsisted between the gospel dispensation, and that of John the Baptist, consisted in this:—that the one was a voice in the wilderness—Mark! a sound in the uncultivated, unarranged principle! and only intended to prepare the way of the Lord:—the other, in its perfection, was the Lord himself, in spirit and power, applying the axe to the root of the tree of evil; not content with mere reforma-

tion from external immorralities of impure life, but destroying the principle of evil, he would implant in the heart the tree of righteousness. Hence he imposes all his interdicts on the heart, conscious that by keeping the tree good, the fruit shall be good also.

The greatest danger which I have ever seriously apprehended, as it regards either myself or others, is that of resting on the externalities of religion, and mistaking the fervour of our natural passions, for the influence of religious affections, and thereby stopping short of perfect conformity and resignation unto the will of God :—the subject of which is the soul, which alone survives the grave, and is to be *benefitted* or *ruined* by the *possession* or *want of it*.

Your servant,
For Jesus' sake.
Friend to the Experienced Christian.

How CHRISTIANITY *affects a* BELIEVER *in his temporal* CONCERNS

THE RELIGION of JESUS CHRIST, not only fills the soul with ardent desires to answer the purposes of our creation, but it directs us how to conduct ourselves in the particular situations of life in which providence has placed us. As this Essay is intended to illustrate the Christian Character in the management of Temporal Concerns.

1st Consider, The motives from which the Christian acts in them.

2nd, The guard which Religion places in his pursuits.

3rd, The support it affords in disappointments.

4th, The use which a christian makes of prosperity. A few remarks on each of these heads, will probably lead us to every thing important.

1. Is it enquired from what motive the Believer acts in his secular concerns ? It is answered, From very different and much higher motives, than men who know not God

can act. *They* can rise no higher than the dictates of Nature. But GRACE prompts the Believer to be diligent in business; destroys "the love of the world," and makes "the love of God and man" the Principles from which he acts in the common concerns of life. Hence, whatever his situation may be, his motives are the same. To do the will of God, and serve his generation, are the governing principles of all his undertakings. It is not the love of money, of honour, ease, or pleasure; nay, it is not the support of his family, or the mere subsistance of animal nature, which chiefly influence a christian in his temporal concerns: These are subordinate. He buys, he sells, he labours, because his God commands, and love to his fellow-creatures requires him so to do. As these are the motives from which his conduct flows, so they naturally guard his secular pursuits. They set bounds in those parts which betray others into evil

1st, Christianity prevents an abuse of time.

2nd, It preserves a due attention to health.

3rd, It teaches the government of the passions. And,

4th, It guards against acts of cruelty and injustice.

1. Tho' Religion compels a man to be diligent in business, yet it teaches him that he is hastening to another state, hence some part of his time must be dedicated to other purposes, besides things merely of a secular nature. It is often the case with men of worldly minds, who are eminent examples of industry, that on investigation of their whole conduct, it appears as tho' they thought they were sent into this world for no other purpose than to buy,—and sell,—and get gain. Now, altho' Christianity renders its followers as active, on these principles, yet it preserves the dignity of their immortal nature, by disposing them to dedicate a part of their time to purposes of an intellectual and eternal nature.

2. For the same reasons, the Christian cannot willingly engage in temporal concerns, beyond what is consistant with the comforts of life, and the preservation of his health. It is true, there are numerous instances, which oblige him to hazardous exertions; but these are carefully to be distinguished from those rash attempts, or laborious pursuits, which are engaged in from no other motive than the love of money.

3. Much more does Christianity deliver us from excessive care. One of its most distinguished precepts is, "Be careful for nothing,—casting all your cares on him."—Anxious care, in business, is the root of numerous evil tempers, particularly impatience and wrath: but those who seek first the Kingdom of GOD, and his righteousness, shall have all things else added to them, and rest free from those unholy tempers which afflict others.

4. Religion guards most assuredly against Fraud, in all its forms, seeing it enables us to love our neighbours as ourselves; and, consequently, to do to others as we would they should do to us.

We may next observe its effects in disappointments.—Here indeed the Christian is known.

> "The soul that's fill'd with Virtue's light,
> "Shines brightest in Affliction's night."

When there was no King in Israel, Micah was robbed, and he grievously complained.—"Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" And thus many a worldly-minded professor, who, during the sun-shine of temporal prosperity, appear "beautiful without,"—yet, when he cometh into the furnace, shews he is only tin and dross: His hope in God, resignation, and peace are fled; and his temper shews that he is ready to say, "My gods are gone, and what have I more?" Religion does not blunt our innocent feelings; it quickens them: and the Scripture abounds with instances, the most natural and affecting, of good men struggling with temporal difficulties.

The histories of Jacob, Joseph, and David, particularly shew this. When the loss of reputation, credit, and property, threaten the Christian Believer, he is not insensible of his situation; nor does he betray a stoical indifference, or a sullen discontent; rather, he is "tremblingly alive all o'er." The hand of God is upon him, and he feels it; he is afflicted, and mourns. He is humbled under the mighty hand of God. Every gracious and natural affection is moved. Which ever way he turns his eye, he sees cause for humiliation, for sorrow, for resignation,—but not for despair

He is a man,—a relative,—and a believer: His suf-

ferings are felt on each of these accounts. His support, character, and usefulness, are all dear to him. His misfortunes, propably, threaten destruction to each of these. Perhaps his character is blasted, his usefulness hindered, —his support taken away. Nor can he suffer alone. He is a Parent, and Husband: Beggary and Want threaten those who are dear to him as his own life. He suffers not for himself only, but in all these connections; and, what is still worse, the Church with which he is connected, is reproached for his sake:—weak ones are stumbled; enemies blaspheme; and to increase his sorrow, the righteous smite him, Yea, it may be, to add "sharpness to the whole," conscience smites him for past unfaithfulness. Unite all these, and discern between the Righteous and the wicked. Whilst the formalist sinks in the storm, and impatiently (with Judas,) seeks destruction, the Christian sees the rod, and the hand which appointed it: He says, "Behold, here I am."—If he say, *I have no delight in thee*,—"It is of the Lord's mercy I am not consumed.—Naked came I into the world, and naked shall I return: Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

Prayer, faith, and resignation, enable the Believer to meet the storm; and he glorifies God in the fire;—he comes out, in time or in eternity, as gold purified.

Nor are the effects of Religion, in temporal prosperity, less manifest.

It produces, gratitude, watchfulness, and benevolence, with all their fruits.

When a good man looks around, and nothing strikes his eye but sights of bliss;—when he surveys all his temporal concerns prospering, he cries out with David in similar circumstances.—"What am I, or what is my father's house, that thou shouldst thus deal with me!" He looks around on all, and says,

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.

"Thou crownest me with loving-kindness. Thou makest me to lie down in green pastures. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days

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"Thou crownest me with loving-kindness. Thou makest me to lie down in green pastures. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days

of my life."—Thus there is a sweetness in temporal mercies which is known only to the righteous.

But this gratitude does not prevent watchfulness:—No. The Believer knows the treachery of his own heart, the devices of satan, and the deceitfulness of riches: Hence he rejoiceth with trembling; he remembers that altho' temporal prosperity is cause for gratitude, yet it is a dangerous trust, and, under the gospel, is no great evidence of the divine favour. "The Poor have the gospel preached to them," "are rich in faith," and the peculiar representatives of Jesus Christ;—yea, He was one who had not where to lay his head. Hence, they fear with holy fear, lest (like Jeshurun,) they should wax fat against the Lord. They remember this joy shall be taken from them; that these things perish in the using. Hence, they posses as tho' they possessed not. They remember that they are but *stewards*, and that the talents of Power and Riches are inferior to those which more immediately affect the eternal interests of men. Hence, in honour they prefer the meanest of their brethren, whom God has blessed with spiritual gifts. In a word, one great source of their joy, from the possession of temporal blessings, is the consideration that they may use them to the glory of God and the benefit of their fellow-creatures. Considering the extensive influence Property gives in temporal concerns, the Christian carefully guards against wasting this talent, if, by means of it he may be "Eyes to the Blind, Feet to the Lame, or cause the Widow's heart to sing for joy." If he may assist in the spread of sacred truth, or even the civilization of society, he rejoices at the gift. As a faithful steward, he conscientiously gives all diligence to increase his stock, whilst he scatters with a liberal hand. He honours the Lord with his substance, and the first-fruits of his increase.

In worldly prosperity, grace leads the Believer (especially,) to seriousness and prayer, because 1st, it places him in a post of greater danger than affliction; and, 2dly, it gives him a more important trust. Watchfulness and diligence are the natural fruits of sanctified prosperity: the former of these is already, in some degree, illustrated; the latter, we may somewhat more fully survey.

The effects of prosperity may be felt in the application

of our time, property, and influence. The Christian not only augments his contributions to the relief of the indigent, in proportion to his increase; but consciously devotes his time to consider, by what means his influence and property may be most effectually used, and adds his personal efforts to effect what his enlarged soul devises.—It will follow, then, that increasing in riches does not lessen the labour of the truly pious, but rather the contrary: It does not produce sloth and self-indulgence, but self-denial.

It is certainly an awful mark of the decay of the divine life, when temporal prosperity produces hurtful and unnecessary expences, instead of increasing attempts to promote "pure and undefiled religion," or to benefit mankind. The fact is this,—Christianity teaches us that we are SERVANTS. Those who have most intrusted to them, have need of the greatest diligence. The Believer feels this, when his borders are enlarged: He knows his Heavenly FATHER hath not given these for himself, but to do HIS WILL. His thoughts become more occupied, his designs are enlarged; his works of faith, and labours of love, abound. Connecting these, (as his Lord hath done,) with rewards of glory, he cannot but rejoice that his seed is multiplied for eternity, and consider every temporal blessing as designed of God to increase his everlasting Joy. Whilst, on the other hand, his heart is enlarged with love to his fellow-creatures, and his joy bears some proportion to the means he possesses to do them good; so, on the other, he cannot but adore that distinguishing care of his Heavenly Father, that permits him thus to be laying up treasures in heaven.

MEDITATION of a Christian, when considering his Temporal affairs:

Blessed Lord! I would not choose: Thou canst not err. The various stations of thy creatures in this little world, are as nothing in the eye of thine Infinite Majesty! What mortals call Riches or Poverty, alter not our state with thee. Thou requirest truth in the inward parts, and placest us in our different circumstances, to prove our love to thee.—Let thy love be the spring and guard of all

my actions; so that whatever thou entrusted to me, I may be found faithful in thy house.

What thou givest me to do, help me to do it with all my might, while I continue as a stranger and a pilgrim here. Give me wisdom to discern the proper bounds of my calling, and resolution to preserve them.

Shouldst thou strip me of every comfort, let me indeed be humbled under thy Mighty Hand; but not cast down. Let me see thy fatherly corrections in the dispensation. While my heart is broken within me, beneath my personal or relative sufferings; sustain me with thy word and powerful consolations! Give me fully to see, "That these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work for me an exceeding weight of glory."

Shouldst thou permit me to walk in the sunshine of thy Providence?—Keep, O! keep me in the dangerous hour, Let not my heart wax fat. Let me not trust in deceitful riches; but with an increase of talents, do thou increase my zeal for thy cause, and my compassion to my fellow-creatures. Let my understanding be more employed in designing, and my hands in executing those plans, by which the mammon of unrighteousness may most fully effect the purposes for which thou dost give it. Give me "largeness of heart," as thou givest me means to manifest it; and give me wisdom to judge of the *best* means.

Instead of forgetting Thee, by indulging my corrupt nature, despising the poor, slighting thy members and ministers, and thus perverting all thy mercies; let me tremble under thine unbounded goodness; awake to greater diligence;—lay myself out more abundantly to care for the poor and needy;—manifest increasing love to thy followers;—and consider every addition thou hast made to my worldly goods, as an additional call to assist thy servants in spreading thy word. If thou seest riches will produce these effects, pour them upon me with a bounteous hand: not only let me prove, that it is more blessed to give than to receive; but "Enlarge my coast on every side."—

But, blessed God! if these effects will not follow temporal mercies,—strip me of all,—empty me of every good I have, and let me be as He *who had not where to lay his head.* Amen.

MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE OF JOHN WILLIAMS, FROM THE INDIANS.

JOHN WILLIAMS was one of the first settlers on the south branch of Powtomac, state of Virginia, was captured by the Indians when fort Pitt was in the possession of the French, and gave me the following account of his deliverance, in the year of our Lord 1784, at his own house.

"I was one morning resting on my bed, taking care of my eldest daughter, now the wife of George Glass; my wife was gone out to milk the cow, when suddenly the Indians rushed in at the door, and seizing me, tied and drove me before them from my house into the trackless wilderness; my poor child screaming as we went, being in the hands of the savages. We were hurried on till we came to one of their encampments, where my child and I were parted. I was sent on to a small fort they had, and there kept a few days till some Indians and French came down from fort Detroit, and I was sold to them with some other prisoners. We were prepared to march for our destiny; I had a bag of leaden balls, of about sixty weight, to carry through the wilderness on my bare back, for I had not even a shirt on. We marched day after day, from sun-rise till sun set, without eating one mouthfull of food, till my back with the shot-bag was worn raw, but I had none to complain to. My body was ready to fall with weakness under my burden, and my heart was sunk with the thought of my poor little family, not knowing what they had done with the child, nor the fate of my wife. Grief, famine, despair, and labour made my life miserable from day to day.

"We came to the lakes, and there one of our horses failed, he was killed and part of his flesh came to my lot, and a small part too; but it was the sweetest morsel that I ever tasted. We stopped on an island in the lake, where I observed the Indians were engaged in digging in the sand, from whence they seemed to find something to eat; I observed that it was eggs they found, laid there by

the turtles of the lake : I found some also, and eat them without considering what state they were in, for hunger made me put off all niceties.

Before we arrived at Detroit one of the Indians took notice of me, and told me he would get some of his friends to buy me, who would be good to me, and make me his son. He told me how I should do when we came near the fort ; I should hear the war-hoop, and that the inhabitants would come out to meet us with sticks and whips to beat the prisoners every step they made to the fort, which accordingly took place. As soon as we came near the fort the warriors gave the shout, and men and women came out, some with one thing and some another, and formed a lane for us to pass through to the gate of the fort. I remembered my instructions, and seeing that we were given up to run the gauntlet, I took the advantage, and ran through a place of briars and thorns rather than run through that cruel rank. I got into the fort with many scratches, but few got to strike me, while some of the prisoners were beat till they fell to the ground covered with blood and dirt.

I was put in the care of an old man, who called me his son, with whom I lived all the fall and winter; in the spring I was trusted to go in and out of the fort, and do acts of trust : the fate of my poor wife and child was still upon my mind ; I thought of trying the trackless wilderness home if possible ; but the distance and difficulties I knew not how to encounter, but on understanding that we were to move for Quebec shortly, I concluded to try it. I took a gun, and some powder and shot, which was not my own, to procure my provision on the way, I started in the night, and travelled all night, and in the morning lay down to hide myself, as I knew they would search for me. At dark I started again, and made what way I could that night, in the morning I came by a small creek of very clear water, it appeared but shallow, I went to wade over it and found it over my head, I held my gun up to keep her dry, and got over, but found my powder all wet ; I flashed my pan and got fire to dry my powder as soon as possible, to procure my meat, or I should starve without it. I spread my powder to dry, and it was near dry when a spark flew from the fire and flashed it all :

then my hopes were nearly gone ; to go back was death, to go forward appeared to be famine. I looked still to my own country, and set off again. I spied a hare eating something, and surprised him so that he left it, and I found it a piece of a squerrel he had got, I eat that ; the same day I found part of a fawn fresh killed, and took that with me, which lasted me for several days. I began to think myself out of danger, at least of that tribe of Indians, so that I took not so much care how I walked. It rained and I thought I might venture to walk in the path ; after walking on some time, an Indian started from behind a tree, and put his gun to my breast, and asked me where I came from, I told him I ran away from Detroit, and wanted to get with the Delawares ; he whistled and up came five or six more. I was again examined by the captain, I told the same tale, he said "the Delawares killed our people now," I told him I was sorry to hear that, for they were friends when I left home. They took me to the fort from whence I had been sold, but none of them knew me, and I was glad of that, for from the tale I had told, and on my appearing to be contented, they were kind to me ; but in a few days, some Indians came from Detroit, and one of the company who was there when I was sold before, was with them, he knew me, and claimed me, they disputed it, but he went to the spot where I lay when they bought me, they had a council, I was brought before them, witness was produced against me, and I judged to be the same prisoner ; I was given up to them, anger set in their countenances, they consulted what to do with me, and to my surprise I understood all their talk, they concluded to kill me next day, they determined on the spot and the time of day. I found I had but a few hours to live, one of the company said, they should let me know it, so that I might get ready, but the other said that was needless, I could not be saved, I was too bad ; so they thought I knew nothing of all their determination."

"I was put under guard in the fort in one of the huts which had but one door, and a fire made before the door, and an Indian on each side of the door : then I gave up : I counted the hours, they seemed like minutes my time was so short ; my knees were ready to smite together and

my flesh to tremble, when the morning watch was set; I thought of my poor family and I fainted with grief and fear; and I saw a light wave over me, and out of it a voice spoke unto me and said, "get up and go out." My soul revived, and I took my old shoes and stepped between the centry, who were both asleep: I passed so near them that I could have put my right hand on the head of one and my left on the other. I went to the wall of the fort, threw my shoes over first, and went over after them as if it had been but a five rail fence; I felt for my shoes, and bound them on, and ran for my life. When I had got about a mile day appeared. Presently after I heard the alarm gun fired, and I soon heard another on my track; I altered my course, but soon found they were still on my track. I ran till I was ready to faint and grew blind; I altered my course again, and hid myself near a creek, in the top of a tree that had been blown down, and gave up to the Providence of God. I heard them talk and fire all the remaining part of the day: night came on they gave up, and I set forward again. Next day I still heard them fire, or thought I did, but my hope increased day and night. I travelled till I got out of their bounds, and after a while into my own neighborhood; I found my wife was saved by being behind the cow they missed her. We gave our poor child up for lost; but after some years we heard of some prisoners and children who were come in; I went to see if our child was among them, but found no person that I could be certain was her; but I took my wife and she found her by a natural mark she had. So through great mercy, we got all together again, and have kept together ever since, or at least, so near that we could see each other every day; and lately we have been bro't to God through Christ, to the praise of his name and our souls' comfort."

RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

WHILE giddy crowds, on "light fantastic toe,"
Thro' follies maze, in ceaseless circles run,
Enquiring still,—"Who real good will show?"
Or, "Where is happiness beneath the sun?"

Often misled, they still the search renew,
And throng in eager troops the downward road
Rush to the ball,—the play,—the gay review,—
And turn their thoughts to every thing—but GOD.

To them, well pleas'd, such pleasures I resign,
Let them take all,—I ask, I wish no share;—
A different choice, and other joys be mine,
Immortal spirits cannot feed on air!

Hail, blest Retirement, in thy lov'd retneat,
My tranquil mind recognizes her home;
In secret shades with thee I oft would sit,
Or by thy side thro' nature's beauties roam.

Thence, borne on contemplation's wings, I rise,
And soar thro' tracts by mortal feet untrod;
Still onward fly, till leagues beyond the skies,
I scale the Mount, and reach the Throne of GOD.

There I can gaze on beauty all divine,
And drink fresh life in from the Fountain-Head;
Or softly, on a SAVIOUR'S BREAST recline,
Feast on his Love, and rest beneath his Shade.

Then meekly prostrate at his feet I fall,
And look, and pause, and wonder, and adore!
Hail him my KING, my LORD, my FRIEND, my ALL;
And only ask to love, and serve him more.

Angels may tune their harps to strains divine,
And fill with harmony the plains above;
But Angels cannot taste a joy like mine,
For they have never felt REDEEMING LOVE.

Come then, my JESUS! to my bosom come,
And fill up all the vacancy within:
O make my longing Heart thy constant Home,
Drive out thy foes, and slay each darling sin.

Then welcome Solitude's embow'ring gloom,
The lonely dwelling, or the midnight shade:
More happy far than even EDEN's bloom,
Or splendid palaces without thine aid.

Earth and its little cares will disappear,
While I enjoy communion with my LORD
Nor trifles gain admittance to my ear,
When I can listen to my SAVIOUR's Word.

Or should a Friend visit my calm retreat,
Thy love shall swell our heart, and tune our tongue;
We'll bow together at thy much lov'd Feet,
Or sound thy Goodness in a cheerful Song.

Thus may my peaceful moments pass away,
And gently waft me nearer to my home;
Till thou shalt bid me drop this robe of clay,
And to thy more immediate Presence come.

Then who can tell what joy shall fill my breast
While on unclouded Deity I gaze!
'Tis rapture all, too great to be express'd,
Even by the first-born Seraph's noblest lays.

O! may these themes my happy Soul inspire.
Each wish direct, and all my powers employ;
Till I shall stand among the heavenly Choir,
For ever lost in Wonder, Love and Joy!

PARAPHRASE ON PROVERBS,

CHAP. vi. VERSES 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

"*Go to the ant, thou sluggard!*"

TURN on the prudent bee thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day:
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.

How long shall sloth usurp thy useful hours,
Unnerve thy vigour and enchain thy powers?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose
And soft solicitations court repose.
Amidst the downy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight;
Till want, now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.